

HYMNS  
OF OUR PILGRIMAGE.



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*BY THE*

*REV. JOHN BROWNLIE.*

1/3 (part 4)

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HYMNS  
OF OUR PILGRIMAGE.





H Y M N S

OF OUR PILGRIMAGE.

BY THE ✓

REV. JOHN BROWNLIE,

MINISTER OF THE FREE CHURCH,  
PORTPATRICK.

LONDON :

JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET.

MDCCCLXXXIX.



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Our Pilgrimage.

“But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly :  
wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God : for He  
hath prepared for them a city.”—HEB. xi. 16.



## ○ Summer Leaves Decay.



*“ Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest.”*

### I.

○ SUMMER leaves decay  
When autumn winds are chill,  
And summer flow'rets bright and gay,  
That kissed the mountain rill ;  
And summer skies and summer days  
Abide not with us here always.

### II.

And hearts of men grow cold,  
And love renounces sway ;  
And summer smiles of days of old,  
Like sunbeams flit away ;  
And words of love are memories dear,  
To bless our life while lingering near.

## III.

O sorrow, change, unrest !  
The world is ne'er the same ;—  
To-day with love the soul is blest,  
To-morrow clothed with shame ;  
And eyes are filled with burning tears,  
For cherished hopes are lost in fears.

## IV.

Where can I find repose ?  
Where can I rest secure,  
And not a sorrow interpose,  
And not a sin allure ?  
I seek the world, but seek in vain,  
And as I've wept, I weep again.

## V.

Beyond the earth and sky,  
Beyond the light of day,  
Faith can a better world descry,  
That cannot know decay—  
O blessed land ! when change is past,  
I'll taste the joys that ever last.

## VI.

Come sorrow, change, unrest,  
For this is not my home—  
A pilgrim must remain unblest,  
While he a pilgrim roam ;  
He would not here abide for aye,  
And wherefore fret at earth's decay ?





## The Golden Tints at Eve of Day.



*“For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.”*

### I.

**Y**E golden tints at eve of day  
That gild the western sky!  
O why so quickly fade away,  
So pleasing to the eye?

### II.

No song so sweet as even song;  
No breeze so soft and mild;  
I would the evening hour were long,  
As if I were a child.

### III.

O flowers that paint the garden path  
That circles round the hill!  
Your scents from every dewy nook  
The fragrant breezes fill.



## IV.

O wherefore comes the autumn wind  
To steal your sweets away,  
And leave a withered clump behind?  
Abide, abide for aye!

## V.

It cannot be. The joys of earth  
Bloom but to fade and die;  
In early morn they have their birth,  
At eve they withered lie.

## VI.

Blest land, where summer glories shine,  
And flowers perennial grow,  
I'll make thy lasting pleasures mine,  
Nor linger here below.





## The Darkest Night gives Place to Dawn.



*“Joy cometh in the morning.”*

### I.

THE darkest night gives place to dawn,  
The brightest day to eve ;  
There lives no soul, however glad,  
That knows not how to grieve ;  
And they who weep in sorrow's night  
Shall yet rejoice in morning light.

### II.

'Tis thus the Lord in wisdom gives  
The sunshine and the shade ;  
'Tis well that in our lives we learn  
To trace His purpose laid ;  
The brightest morn would be obscured,  
But for the night we have endured.

## III.

How great the love and wisdom shown  
In all Thy working, God!  
Before the fields with fruits are strewn,  
We must upturn the sod;  
Before the life with fruits abound,  
The ploughshare tears the fallow ground.

## IV.

O let the aching heart rejoice,  
The wounded spirit sing;  
They bear the richest treasures back  
Who empty vessels bring:  
'Tis toil that spreads the couch of rest,  
And, but for earth, would heaven be blest?





## Songs of Zion sweetly Singing.



*“ These are they who have come out of great tribulation.”*

### I.

**S**ONGS of Zion sweetly singing,  
Hark, the cheerful strains that tell  
Of the grace of God in bringing  
Those whom Jesus loved so well,  
To the land where sinless praise  
Gives employ through endless days.

### II.

Once on earth their voices faltered,  
Once their songs had tearful strains,  
For their souls by care were burdened  
In a world of cares and pains ;  
Now their pains and cares are o'er,  
Now they joy for evermore.

## III.

Wouldst thou sing those songs of gladness ?

Wouldst thou join that happy throng ?

Fret not, if a note of sadness

Seem to mar thy earthly song ;

They who pass through darkest night

Best rejoice when God gives light.

## IV.

Songs of Zion sweetly singing,

Let us praise our God below ;

Be our hearts with gladness ringing,

Or depressed with deepest woe :

Songs of pain and songs of sadness

Tune the heart for songs of gladness.





## My Life is not an Aimless Thing.



*“But He knoweth the way that I take.”*

### I.

**M**y life is not an aimless thing,  
By every wind oppressed ;  
I live the dictates of Thy will,  
And every day am blest.

### II.

My life is ordered by my God,  
My steps obey His plan,—  
And 'tis a God of wisdom leads,  
And not a changeful man.

### III.

Then be it light or be it dark,  
In sadness and in joy,  
The work my God ordains for me,  
Let such my hands employ.

## IV.

Ill cannot cross my path if God  
Has goodness for my prize ;  
And all the ill by God decreed  
Is blessing in disguise.

## V.

And all is love and all is bliss,  
For God can only love ;  
I may not trace His purpose here,  
'Twill be revealed above.

## VI.

Beyond the limit God decrees  
My steps can never go ;  
Then let me trust the love of God  
E'en when I cannot know.





## Pilgrims to the Better Land.



*“But now they desire a better country, that is, an Heavenly.”*

### I.

**P**ILGRIMS to the Better Land,  
Journeying with staff in hand :  
Fret not if the way be long,  
Cheer your path with joyous song.

### II.

Summon courage for the way,—  
They who follow need not stray ;  
Christ, who gives the pilgrim grace,  
Trode Himself each stony place.

### III.

Let not earthly joys allure,  
Yours are pleasures that endure ;  
They who seek that blessed shore  
Need not covet earthly store.



## IV.

Let not earthly pain depress,  
Christ hath balm for all distress ;  
Look beyond ! where sorrows cease,  
Pilgrims find eternal peace.

## V.

Warm the welcome Christ shall bring  
To the city of the King ;  
Glad shall be our songs at last,  
When our pilgrim life is past.

## VI.

Pilgrims to the Better Land,  
Let your hearts with hope expand ;  
Purer than by earth possessed  
Are the joys where pilgrims rest.





## I do not fear to Die.



*“And to die is gain.”*

### I.

I DO not fear to die,  
For death is only gain ;  
'Tis but a tear, a sigh,  
A passing throb, a pain—  
Then welcome, welcome, light serene,  
With not a cloud to come between !

### II.

I do not fear to die,  
For Christ hath tasted death,  
And 'twas a bitter cry  
That claimed His latest breath ;  
But He o'ercame the tyrant's power  
When dawned the resurrection hour.

## III.

I do not fear to die—  
Death is to life the door ;  
'Tis thus the soul draws nigh  
The life for evermore :  
Death's portals past, we live for aye ;  
O welcome joy and endless day !

## IV.

I do not fear to die,  
For till life's task is done,  
My latest battle fought,  
My latest victory won,  
Death's arrows only fly in vain ;  
Whoe'er may fall, I must remain.

## V.

I do not fear to die—  
I'd rather fear to live,  
Earth's cup of blessing dry,  
And nothing more to give ;—  
Come, welcome Death ! no tyrant now,  
And crown with life my throbbing brow.





Hail the Morn! that bids us gladly.



*"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."*

I.

**H**AIL the morn! that bids us gladly  
To the house of God repair;  
Hail the light! that shines on Zion,  
Cheering hearts that worship there.

II.

Let us praise the God of Zion,  
Who in love for man hath given  
Light to guide his erring footsteps  
In the path that leads to heaven.

III.

Let us praise the Lord of Glory,  
Who for men a man became;  
And the wondrous love that led Him  
To a death of deepest shame.

## IV.

Let us praise the Holy Spirit,—  
Life, and Light, and Joy, and Peace,  
Calming trouble, soothing sorrow,  
Bidding doubt for ever cease.

## V.

Hail the morn ! that bids us gladly  
To the house of God repair,  
There to thank the God of Zion  
For His constant loving care ;

## VI.

For the bounties that have cheered us,  
For His providence and grace ;  
For the love that takes our sorrow,  
For the brightness of His face ;

## VII.

For the hope of life eternal,  
For the joy of sin forgiven ;  
For the cross that points the pathway  
Leading to the gates of Heaven.

## VIII.

Hail the morn ! that bids us gladly  
To the house of God repair ;  
Hail the light ! that shines on Zion,  
Cheering hearts that worship there.






○ bind me with Thy bands, my Lord.



*“And I will walk at liberty : for I seek Thy precepts.”*

I.

 BIND me with Thy bands, my Lord,  
And lay Thy yoke on me ;  
For in the service of Thy will  
I walk at liberty.

II.

No work of mine can ever add  
To Thine abundant store ;  
But by a self-denying life  
I bless myself the more.

III.

My arm is strengthened by my toil,  
My heart from self refined ;  
And what was love to man before  
Becomes a love more kind.

## IV.

Why should I grumble at restraint,  
Or deem Thy yoke severe?  
If I am bound by God, I need  
No sorer bondage fear.

## V.

For I am free from earthly bands  
When I am bound by Thee;  
And I am only bound by God  
To be in time set free.

## VI.

Then bind me with Thy bands, my Lord,  
And lay Thy yoke on me,  
For in the service of Thy will  
I walk at liberty.







## There is no Sorrow in my Soul.



*“Therefore take no thought for the morrow.”*

*“Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.”*

### I.

THERE is no sorrow in my soul,  
For Jesus bears my sorrow ;  
My pathway has been bright to-day,  
'Twill be as bright to-morrow.

### II.

Rest, rest my faith in calm repose !  
My God can ne'er forsake me,—  
Trouble may follow in my path,  
But never can o'ertake me.

### III.

I will not lift the veil to see  
What is in store to-morrow ;  
The anxious soul thus never fails  
Some trouble sore to borrow.

## IV.

Enough that while to-day is mine  
I rest in Christ securely ;  
And when *to-morrow* is *to-day*,  
'Twill be as bright, most surely.

## V.

There is no sorrow in to-day,  
'Tis always in to-morrow ;  
My present troubles are so few,  
I must some others borrow.

## VI.

I'll ever rest my daily care  
Upon the Man of Sorrow ;  
And daily shall my path be bright,  
And still as bright to-morrow.





⊙ troubled Soul, it is not Night.



*“Our light affliction, which is but for a moment.”*

I.

⊙ TROUBLED soul, it is not night,  
Altho' the clouds obscure the sun ;  
His cheering beams shall bless thy sight  
When God's afflicting work is done.

II.

And were it night, it could not last ;  
The morn must come with joyous ray ;  
And thou'lt forget the darkness past,  
Rejoicing in the light of day.

III.

Affliction is not sent to grieve,  
Its only mission is to bless ;  
I do not in God's love believe  
If in my heart I know not this.

## IV.

I would not walk in evil ways  
And have my path unchecked by God ;  
O let an erring sinner praise  
The love that wields the Father's rod.

## V.

Come, sweet affliction ! wound my soul ;  
Thou art a messenger from God ;  
Thou woundest sore, but makest whole,  
For 'tis a Father wields the rod.





There is a Land, a Happy Land.



*“ With Christ, which is far better.”*

I.

**T**HERE is a land, a happy land,  
Beyond this vale of tears ;  
And though the joys of earth recede,  
That blessed country nears :  
O fit me, Lord, to dwell with Thee  
Throughout a long eternity !

II.

There joys for ever last, and Thou,  
O Lord, art ever there ;  
The brightness of Thy face dispels  
All grief, and fear, and care :  
O fit me, Lord, to dwell with Thee  
Throughout a long eternity !

## III.

Fain would I be with Thee at rest,  
But, Lord, Thy will be done ;  
I would not wear the crown until  
That crown on earth is won :  
O fit me, Lord, to dwell with Thee  
Throughout a long eternity !





○ Paradise most fair,



*“The Paradise of God.”*

I.

○ PARADISE most fair!  
No spot on earth so bright;  
Eternal day is there,  
There falls no shade of night;  
The eternal hills, and vales, and streams,  
Bask in the sun's undying beams.

II.

O Paradise of joy!  
No joy on earth so rare:  
There nothing can annoy,  
And no offence is there;  
The brightness of that joyous place  
Reflects its sunshine on each face.

## III.

O Paradise of love !

Such love we cannot know,  
Till in that land above

We feel its rapturous glow ;—  
The love that made our Lord prepare  
By His own death, an entrance there.

## IV.

O Paradise of peace !

On earth we struggle sore,  
But there all passions cease,  
And all our strifes are o'er ;

No discord mocks their quiet rest  
Who dwell in Paradise the blest.

## V.

O Paradise the blest !

Who share thy love and joy ?  
And who securely rest,

In peace, from all annoy ?  
Who see Thy King in beauty reign,  
And sing His praise in joyful strain ?



VI.

O Paradise the blest!

The meek of earth are there :

Its love, its joy, its peace,

None else shall ever share :

Who bear the cross that Jesus bore,

And love him well, there love Him more.





○ Heavenly Land beyond the Sun!



*“Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off.”*

I.



HEAVENLY land beyond the sun!  
Far away;  
Where pilgrims rest, their wanderings done,  
Far away;  
Where sin and sorrow, grief and pain,  
Shall ne'er afflict the soul again,  
Far away.

II.

O heavenly land of promise sweet!  
Far away;  
Where Christ and His redeemed shall meet,  
Far away;

Where love and peace shall fill the heart,  
And joy resound in every part,  
Far away.

## III.

O blessed land where Jesus is !  
Far away ;  
Where all shall come He claims as His,  
Far away ;  
The pure in heart, the meek, are there,  
And O that land is passing fair !  
Far away.

## IV.

O blessed land beyond the sun !  
Far away ;  
I'll share thy joys when earth is done,  
Far away ;  
Lord Jesus, fit me by Thy grace,  
And in Thy love prepare a place,  
Far away.





○ may I Live as I would Die.



*“In the place where the tree falleth there it shall be.”*

I.

○ MAY I live as I would die,  
In fear of God and love of truth,  
And may my staff in feeble age  
Be my support in youth !

II.

O Christ, Thou art the way to God,  
And erring sinners find Thee such ;  
To cast their load of sin on Thee  
O Lord, is not too much.

III.

O Christ, Thou art the way to God,  
And they who live as Thou hast taught,  
Thy words obey, Thy footsteps trace,  
Are daily Godward brought.

IV.

I cannot die but as I live—

O may this truth my soul possess!  
And in the way by God revealed  
O may I Godward press.

V.

O Christ, Thou art the way to God,  
Then let my heart Thy will attend;  
If in the path with Christ I walk,  
With God I'll surely end.





## Fret not, my Soul.



*“Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God.”*

### I.

**F**RET not, my soul; when trouble sore assails,  
Strong be thy faith: the faithful soul prevails.  
Still bear thy cross, though fainting 'neath the load;  
If rough the path, it leadeth on to God.  
Fret not, my soul; the Master ne'er repined,  
E'en when the thorns His smarting brow entwined.

### II.

Fret not, my soul; there's strength for every hour;  
If great thy toil, still greater is thy power;  
He nerves the heart that fainting, faltering, sighs,  
With needed grace the needy one supplies.  
Fret not, my soul; the gate of Heaven is won  
By those who toil till toiling days are done.

## III.

Fret not, my soul; thy sorrow purifies,  
As furnace flame that gold or silver tries;  
Bright, bright at last, from every stain made pure,  
Thou'lt bless the pain and grief thou didst endure.  
Fret not, my soul, nor deem thy burden sore;  
When Heaven is won, thy days of toil are o'er.







Carmina Christo.

*“Jesus pro me perforatus,  
Condar intra tuum latus;  
Tu, per lympham profluentem,  
Tu, per sanguinem tepentem,  
In peccata me redunda,  
Tolle culpam sordes munda.”*

τῷ ἀγαπῶντι ἡμᾶς, καὶ λούσαντι ἡμᾶς ἀπὸ τῶν ἁμαρτιῶν  
ἡμῶν ἐν τῷ αἵματι αὐτοῦ· αὐτῷ ἡ δόξα.—REV. i. 5, 6.



## How can I Serve the Lord?



*“Whose I am and whom I serve.”*

### I.

**H**OW can I serve the Lord,  
Who service bore for me?  
How can I thank His grace  
And liberality?  
His love and mercy magnify,  
His great redemption glorify?

### II.

The earth in all its bloom,  
With flowers and pastures clad;  
The songsters in the grove,  
With merry notes and glad;  
In all their joy and beauty, pay  
Due service to the Lord always.

## III.

If in my life are found  
The grace my Lord bestows ;  
True meekness, joy, and love,  
A faith that daily grows ;  
Then do I glorify and praise  
The name of Jesus Christ always.

## IV.

How can I serve the Lord ?  
Not with an effort grand,  
But in those little acts  
That daily fill my hand ;—  
We need not leave the daily road  
To find a work to do for God.

## V.

How can I serve the Lord ?  
By bearing, calm and still,  
The bitter smart of pain  
So long as 'tis God's will ;  
If not by work, with tear-filled eyes,  
The saint his Master glorifies.

## VI.

How can I serve the Lord?  
By deep and constant joy.  
'Tis easy to rejoice  
When nothing can annoy;  
And if the Lord has borne my grief,  
Should I not joy in that belief?

## VII.

O Jesus, Saviour, King!  
Give me the willing mind,  
That in each daily round  
I may my mission find;  
And serve the Lord in little things,  
And reap the joy such service brings.





## When I heard the Saviour calling.



*“Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden,  
and I will give you rest.”*

### I.

WHEN I heard the Saviour calling  
Weary, burdened souls to rest,—  
“’Tis the voice of love that calleth,  
I will honour His behest ;”  
And I found repose from sorrow,  
Leaning on my Saviour’s breast.”

### II.

Weary souls, all upward toiling,  
Have ye sorrow for your care ?  
Wherefore bend beneath the burden  
Which your Lord will gladly share ?  
He can bear your weight of sorrow,  
Who the cross to Calvary bare.

## III.

Seek not rest in worldly promise—  
Worldly rest hath troubled dreams ;  
Not so true the world's fulfilment  
As at first the promise seems.  
He who tastes the living water  
Thirsts not after other streams.

## IV.

Hear the voice of Jesus calling,  
Take the burden He bestows,  
'Tis a load, the more you bear it,  
Lighter and yet lighter grows ;  
And at length the faithful bearer  
Finds an undisturbed repose.





Was there ever Love so great.



*“And when they came to the place which is called Calvary,  
there they crucified Him.”*

I.

Was there ever love so great,  
In heaven above or earth below,  
As that which brought Messiah down  
From highest bliss to deepest woe?

II.

He came from realms of fadeless light,  
And left His glory all behind.  
O stony heart! in sorrow melt;  
That loving heart in sorrow pined.

III.

For sinners mocked the Son of God,  
And spurned His messages of grace;  
The vilest words of vilest lips  
Were thrown profanely in His face.



## IV.

They led Him to their judgment hall,  
And called Him worthiest to die :  
They clad Him in a purple robe,  
And jeered in their profanity.

## V.

They twined a crown of cruel thorn,  
And pressed it on His smarting brow ;  
And bent the knee in bitter scorn,  
As men before a monarch bow.

## VI.

They raised a cross without the wall,  
And nailed the Son of God thereon ;  
O cruel sin ! to nail Him there,  
Whose heart in love to man was drawn.

## VII.

O darkest day and darkest deed !  
The sun refused to shed his light ;  
And while the love of God was scorned,  
The earth was wrapped in darkest night.

## VIII.

Melt, melt in grief, my stony heart!  
The Son of God for sinners died;  
For you He bore the scorn and shame,  
For you thy Lord was crucified.





### If I only have the Saviour.



*“Wenn ich nur den Heiland habe,  
Wenn er nur mein Eigen ist.”*

#### I.

**I**F I only have the Saviour,  
If He be my special choice,  
If through life my heart shall ever  
In His faithfulness rejoice ;  
Oh then no sorrow can I know,  
For love and joy through life shall flow.

#### II.

If I only have the Saviour,  
Gladly will I part with all,  
Staff in hand I'll journey onward,  
Ready ever at His call ;  
For on the broad path go astray  
All who refuse to walk this way.

## III.

Where I only have the Saviour,  
There my Fatherland shall be ;  
Every gift He giveth cometh  
As inheritance to me :  
And in the friends of Christ I find  
My brothers, one in heart and mind.

## IV.

If I only have the Saviour,  
Soft and sweet is my repose,  
And my highest gift shall ever  
Be the true love He bestows :  
Nor need I fear when death shall come—  
I'll see my Lord beyond the tomb.





○ Come and Listen while I Tell.



*“Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare  
what He hath done for my soul.”*

I.

○ COME and listen while I tell  
The love that Jesus bears for me ;  
He's loved me long, He loves me well,  
He'll love me to eternity.

II.

Oh I was wandering in the night,  
And pity filled His heart of grace ;  
He sought and found me in my plight,  
And gave me in that heart a place.

III.

I told Him all my tale of shame,  
The guilt of years I there confessed ;  
And while I spake forgiveness came,  
And I was leaning on His breast.

## IV.

He gave me pardon for my sin,  
He gave me comfort for my woe,  
His Spirit to abide within,  
And point the pathway as I go.

## V.

And every day I own His power,  
And every day I thank His grace,  
And every day I bless the hour  
That gave me in His love a place.





## When Darkness round my Pillow creeps.



*“I will both lay me down in peace and sleep.”*

### I.

WHEN darkness round my pillow creeps,  
When nature, worn and weary, sleeps,  
A thought in dreams my bosom keeps,  
And Jesus, 'tis of Thee.

### II.

Dark is the hour, but Thou art near ;  
My wakeful heart Thy voice can hear ;  
My troublous dreams are void of fear,  
When, Jesus, Thou art nigh.

### III.

When dewy morn from soft repose  
Unseals the eye that eve would close,  
Grant then, O Lord, nought may oppose  
My thoughts in seeking Thee.

## IV.

Guard Thou Thy servant—never leave  
His side by day, his couch by eve,  
And give him ever to believe  
That, Jesus, Thou art nigh.







## Thou hast Gone Before.

— 278 —  
*“Herr du gingst voran,  
Auf der Lebensbahn.”\**

### I.

THOU hast gone before,  
All life's pathway o'er,  
And we will not stay behind Thee,  
But will follow till we find Thee;  
To the Fatherland  
Lead us by Thy hand.

### II.

Hardship to endure,  
May we stand secure:

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\* The original of which this is a translation is found in the *“Evangelisches Gesang-Buch,”* printed at Elberfeld, and differs in many particulars from the hymn beginning *“Jesu geh voran,”* of which our familiar hymn, *“Jesus still lead on,”* is a most beautiful although a free rendering.—J. B.

May we ne'er, in days of anguish,  
'Neath the cross dejected languish ;  
For through trouble here  
Come we Jesus near.

## III.

Should affliction's smart  
Wound our aching heart ;  
Should some sorrow strange o'ertake us,  
May Thy patience ne'er forsake us ;  
In Thy working planned,  
Lord, reveal Thy hand.

## IV.

All our life below  
Order as we go ;  
May Thy constant care direct us,  
And in life's rough path protect us ;  
And when life is past,  
Open heaven at last.





Blest Jesus, we Thy People come.



*“ Liebster Jesu, wir sind hier  
Dich und dein Wort anzuhören.”*

I.

BLEST Jesus, we Thy people come,  
Thee and Thy word to hear ;  
Direct our every thought and wish,  
Thy heavenly footstool near ;  
That so the heart  
From earth may part,  
And long to be, Lord, where Thou art.

II.

Whate'er we know, we know in part,  
Our minds are dark as night,  
Save where Thy Holy Spirit sheds  
His pure and radiant light ;  
And if Thy will  
Our lives fulfil,  
The power, O Lord, Thou dost instil.

## III.

O Gleam of Glory ! Light of Light !  
The Son of God most dear !  
Oh do Thou fit us here, and now,  
To worship in Thy fear :  
The praise we sing,  
The prayers we bring,  
Oh may they rise on towering wing !





I see a Cross, 'tis One of Three.



*“He is not here: for He is risen, as He said.”*

I.

I SEE a cross, 'tis one of three,  
And He who hangs thereon  
Is like the Son of God, who came  
For sinners to atone:  
His brow is crowned with cruel thorn,  
His bleeding side with spear-thrust torn.

II.

I see a tomb, 'tis sealed and fast,  
Upon the door a stone;  
The Son of God now treads for man  
Death's solemn vale alone:  
His eyes are sealed in mortal sleep,  
And Roman guards a vigil keep.

## III.

I see a tomb, no longer sealed—  
The stone is rolled away ;  
For on the earth, with gladdening beam,  
Has dawned the appointed day.  
Could death the Lord of life prevent,  
When God from heaven His angel sent ?

## IV.

All praise to God, who for our help  
His only Son hath given,  
To bear the curse, to pay the debt,  
And point the path to heaven ;  
To take the sting of death away,  
And from the grave its victory.





○ wherefore bore my Lord the Cross?



*“That I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings: being made conformable unto His death.”*

I.

○ WHEREFORE bore my Lord the cross,  
Who wore in heaven the crown?  
And wherefore died my Lord in shame,  
Who lived in heaven's renown?

II.

The cross of Christ so wonderful,  
The love of Christ so grand,  
The mystery of mysteries,  
Lord, make me understand.

III.

That mystery of mysteries  
The angels cannot know,  
Much less can mortal man, who lives  
In ignorance below.

## IV.

Yet somehow in that mystery  
The love of God I see,  
And 'twas His purpose thus to act  
From all eternity.

## V.

'Twas thus my Lord would bridge the gulf  
That yawned 'twixt earth and heaven,  
And lead His ransomed children home,  
From God and goodness driven.

## VI.

O cross of Christ so beautiful!  
The way from self to God;  
O let me ever tread the path  
The saints have ever trod.

## VII.

O cross of Christ mysterious!  
Thou art a burden great;  
And sometimes, like my Lord Himself,  
I faint beneath the weight.



VIII.

Yet, cross of Christ mysterious,  
 Although a grievous load,  
 If daily borne, the bearer comes  
 Each day more near to God.

IX.

Thou art not less mysterious,  
 O cross by Jesus given,  
 Because the soul that has thy care  
 Comes daily nearer heaven.

X.

O cross of Christ mysterious!  
 In this a mystery lies,  
 That he should live eternally  
 Who hourly, daily dies.

XI.

And thou art made more beautiful,  
 O cross of Christ, to me,  
 Because thou bringest nearer God  
 Despite thy mystery.





See! the Man of Sorrows dies.



*“ And it was about the ninth hour.”*

I.

SEE! the Man of sorrows dies,  
List! He breathes heartrending sighs ;  
With His pardoning accents rise  
Jeers and mockery.

II.

See! He bows His thorn-clad head ;  
Darkness falls, the sun has fled ;  
Christ, incarnate God, is dead—  
Sinai's debt is paid.

III.

O my soul, in wonder great  
Scan His love, its depth, its height ;  
'Twas thy sin to man's estate  
Brought Immanuel down.

IV.

'Twas thy sin that nailed Him there,  
Laid on Him that load of care,  
Twined that crown His brow to tear,  
Pierced His loving heart.

V.

Poured that blood for you in vain?  
Vain for you that grief and pain?  
Soul, approach! sin's darkest stain  
Christ can cleanse away.

VI.

Lord, I come—do Thou receive;  
Nought I bring—I but believe;  
All I am with Thee I leave,  
Lost, but for Thy grace.





I would not have a Hand to Guide.



*“Not my will, but Thine be done.”*

I.

I WOULD not have a hand to guide  
But Thine ;  
For Thou hast trod where sinners stray,  
And knowest well life's troubled way,  
And mine.

II.

I would not have a will to rule  
But Thine ;  
For Thou art wise as Thou art good,  
And none can better choose what should  
Be mine.

## III.

Oh I would tread the sorest path  
For Thee ;  
For Thou canst make the roughest plain,  
Give joy for grief, and calm the pain  
For me.





## Thou Morning Star of Promise Bright.



*“I am the bright and Morning Star.”*

### I.

THOU Morning Star of promise bright,  
We hail thy glorious ray,  
It fills with hope of better things,  
And tells of coming day.  
The night that held in bondage long,  
And sealed our slumbering eyes,  
Shall wake to hear the morning song,  
And haste from brightening skies.

### II.

O Morning Star of purest beam!  
Blest Jesus! Light of Light!  
Thou wert the promise of the dawn  
When earth was wrapped in night.

And now we hail the rising sun,  
The golden clouds at morn ;  
The promise of the Morning Star—  
A glorious day is born.

## III.

Haste, haste the rising of the sun !  
The morning tints are gay ;  
But brighter light shall flood our souls  
When shines the perfect day.  
Where hearts of men are wrapped in gloom,  
Bright Morning Star, arise !  
And bring the dawn that brings the day,  
And sunlight to their skies.





## Low at Thy feet I Bow.



*“Who remembered us in our low estate: for His mercy endureth for ever.”*

### I.

**L**ow at Thy feet I bow,  
On earth my eyes are set;  
Shame fills my soul, for I have trod  
Far from my home, and Thee, my God,  
In sin I did forget.

### II.

E'en at Thy feet I dread  
The dire command, “Depart!”  
For legal fears hang o'er my head,  
And I forget the blood was shed  
To cleanse my erring heart.



III.

But oh, redeeming love!  
 Lord, in Thy mercy great  
 Thou didst reverse the judgment due:  
 At Thine own heart the arrows flew  
 Of Hell, and Satan's hate.

IV.

Low at Thy feet I bow—  
 Shall I not lift mine eyes?  
 Yea, for in Him who victory won,  
 Thine only, well-beloved Son,  
 My hope eternal lies.





○ glorious Sun! than Nature's Sun more  
Bright.



*“ But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Right-  
eousness arise with healing in His wings.”*

I.

○ GLORIOUS Sun! than nature's sun more bright,  
Shine in my soul, dispel those shades of  
night:

In ebon blackness rayless midnight reigns,  
And I am bound with doubt's cold, cruel chains.

II.

Well can I view the path in sin I've trod,  
And fain I'd turn and wend my way to God;  
But scales of darkness blind my weeping eyes,  
And, sore at heart, I sigh the prisoner's sighs.

III.

O Thou, who when on earth with pitying heart,  
 Didst touch the eye and nature's light impart,  
 In that same pity shed a heavenly ray  
 To cheer my heart and guide me in Thy way.

IV.

I cannot walk unaided in this night,  
 I can but grope—I stumble without light;  
 O fill my soul with Thy glad, cheerful ray,  
 And turn this night of darkness into day.

V.

Shine on the cross, and to my wondering eyes  
 Show how the Sinless for the sinful dies:  
 Shine on the path that gains the mercy-seat,  
 Where God in Christ returning sinners meet.





○ 'bide with us, Lord Jesus Christ.



*“ Ach bleib bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ,  
Weil es nun Abend worden ist.”*

I.

○ 'BIDE with us, Lord Jesus Christ,  
The evening shades in silence fall ;  
And may Thy word, that brightest light,  
Shine ever brightly on us all.

II.

When evil fills the heart of man,  
Lord, by Thy grace may we defend  
Thine ordinances every one  
Pure and unspotted to the end.



The Love of God.

"The Lord is good to all ; and His tender mercies are over all His works."—PSALM cxlv. 9.

"And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love ; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."—1 JOHN iv. 16.



Where'er I go my God hath been.



*"For Thou preventest him with the blessings of goodness."*

I.

WHERE'ER I go my God hath been,  
His gifts are everywhere ;  
I cannot step beyond His love,  
And His protecting care.

II.

When first my eyes beheld the light,  
My God a welcome gave ;  
I came not to an empty world  
My every want to crave.

III.

Whate'er the path in life I tread,  
Where'er my duty leads,  
The goodness of the Lord prevents,  
And satisfies my needs.

## IV.

If with a heart defiled by guilt  
I shun my Father's face,—  
Before my heart had learnt to sin,  
My God was full of grace.

## V.

O wondrous love that leads the way!  
O Love I'll ne'er outrun!  
Lead, lead, O blessed love of God!  
Till life's long task is done.

## VI.

O vale of death! does God prevent,  
Amid this dismal gloom?  
Yea, Christ hath trod the narrow path,  
And slept within the tomb.

## VII.

The vale of death is strewn with flowers,  
The grave can hold no more;  
And light now shines where darkness reigned,  
For Christ hath gone before.



VIII.

Into the presence of my God  
With longing heart I'll go,  
For rich supplies for every need  
My God will there bestow.

IX.

For Christ hath entered Heaven for me,  
His work, His service done,—  
O let me praise the love of God,  
I never can outrun !





## Treasures more than Tongue can Name.



*“No good thing will He withhold.”*

### I.

**T**REASURES more than tongue can name,  
Swell the bounties of Thy store ;  
When the wants of man are met,  
Still the Lord hath bounties more.

### II.

All the silver and the gold,  
Hid from man in darkest mine ;  
Beasts within the forest shade,  
Cattle on the hills are Thine.

### III.

Richer store than earth can give,  
Can the wealth of God afford ;  
Pardon, joy, and life, and peace,  
Are the treasures of the Lord.

## IV.

Let my want be e'er so great,  
Let my claim be e'er so bold,  
God of plenty, God of grace,  
No good thing wilt Thou withhold.

## V.

God of love, Thy stores are full,  
And Thy gifts are all so free,—  
Not more bountiful Thy store  
Than Thy liberality.

## VI.

Free alike to high and low,  
Rich and poor, and young and old,—  
Hear the promise of His grace,  
No good thing will He withhold.

## VII.

What Thou giv'st is for the best :  
God of wisdom, make me know,  
If Thou wilt no good withhold,  
Then Thou canst no ill bestow.

## VIII.

When my prayer returns unblest,  
And the voice of God is still,  
Teach me this is also good,  
For my God can do no ill.

## IX.

When for peace and rest desired,  
Warfare and unrest are given ;  
God of wisdom, all is well,  
Thus Thou'lt bring me nearer Heaven.

## X.

God of wisdom, give me grace,  
On Thy goodness to rely ;  
What is ill Thou canst not give,  
What is good wilt not deny.





○ Love of God so Boundless!



*“The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.”*

I.

○ LOVE of God so boundless!  
Broad as the surging sea:—  
I cannot find a reason  
For God’s great love for me.

II.

’Tis not that I am lovely—  
My heart is stained and vile;  
And what was pure and holy  
I hated all the while.

III.

’Tis not that I besought Him,  
In earnest prayer, to send  
The help I sorely needed,  
A true and heavenly friend;

## IV.

A Saviour to redeem me,  
And bring me back to God :  
I felt no need for Jesus,  
Nor did I feel my load.

## V.

This love of God so boundless,  
I cannot understand,  
For while the Lord was blessing,  
I thrust aside His hand.

## VI.

And yet He loved and sought me  
In all my evil ways,  
And while to self and Satan  
I gave my early days.

## VII.

Out of that love so boundless,  
As from the boundless sea,  
A Sun most bright and glorious  
Arose to shine on me.

VIII.

But why that Sun so glorious  
On me should shed His rays,  
And melt my heart to singing  
The livelong day His praise,

IX.

I cannot tell ; this only  
Is plain enough to me,  
The love of God is boundless,  
As is the boundless sea.





## God of Love, when Tears are Falling.



*“From the end of the earth will I cry unto Thee when my heart is overwhelmed.”*

### I.

**G**OD of love, when tears are falling,  
And the heart with anguish sighs,  
When in prayer for help we're calling,  
Be the friend to sympathise—  
Hear our sighing and our groan,  
Send us succour from Thy throne.

### II.

Jesus, when on earth abiding,  
Called the troubled to His side ;  
Taught us, with a heart confiding,  
In His promise to abide ;  
Heard our sighing and our groan,  
Made our sorrows all His own.



## III.

'Twas Thy love the Saviour showed,  
He Thy sympathy expressed,  
When He smoothed life's rugged road,  
For the weary and oppressed ;—  
When He called us to rejoice,  
'Twas our Heavenly Father's voice.

## IV.

God of love, when tears are falling,  
We will bear our grief to Thee ;  
Thou wilt hear our earnest calling  
When in sore perplexity—  
'Twas Thy love our Lord expressed  
When He gave the weary rest.





Adoration.

“Praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely.”—PSALM cxlvii. 1.

“By Him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips giving thanks to His name.”—HEBREWS xiii. 15.



Come join the Choir of those who Sing.



*“Praise ye the Lord.”*

I.

**C**OME join the choir of those who sing  
Eternal praises to our King;  
His boundless grace through ages long,  
Has been the burden of their song.

II.

When the first morn in beauty woke,  
As God the word commanding spoke,  
Out from the heavens His praises rang,  
The morning stars together sang.

III.

When new creation's work began,  
And God appeared as creature man,  
Anew from Heaven in glorious lays,  
Angelic choirs proclaimed His praise.

## IV.

Come join the choir of those who sing  
Eternal praises to our King—  
“To Him that loved us,” hark the praise !  
Which God’s redeemed in glory raise.

## V.

The song begun in ages past,  
Throughout eternity shall last.  
Come join the choir of those who sing  
Eternal praises to our King.





## Late at Eve I Sang the Praises.



*“When I remember Thee upon my bed, and meditate on Thee  
in the night watches.”*

### I.

LATE at eve I sang the praises  
Of Jehovah’s matchless love,  
As the stars of Heaven were watching  
From the ebon sky above—  
And each thought in song I raised,  
God, the Son, and Spirit praised.

### II.

God, Thou wise and great Creator,  
Thou who mad’st this beauteous earth,  
Formed and planted every flow’ret,  
Gave each creature wondrous birth—  
Guards and guides with jealous care  
All who seek Thee everywhere.

## III.

Jesus Christ, O how my heart  
Rose in gratitude to Thee!  
When I thought of all the love  
Thou hast shown for worthless me—  
Bearing pain and grief and death,  
Breathing life with dying breath.

## IV.

Holy Spirit, Heavenly dove,  
Promised by a risen Lord,  
Then I praised Thy silent power,  
Shed by an inspired word,  
And methought the promised aid,  
Sought my bosom as I prayed.







## How Wonderful Thy Majesty.



*“Wunderbarer König,  
Herrscher von uns Allen.”*

### I.

How wonderful Thy majesty,  
Great Sovereign Lord of all who live !  
When to Thy name we render praise,  
Do Thou accept the praise we give ;  
And when our hearts incline to stray,  
O may Thy streams of grace pursue,  
And humbly, gladly we shall give  
With heart and voice the praises due.

### II.

O Heaven, extol thy Maker's work !  
Who from the seed gives harvest fields ;  
Thou sun, abroad His glory tell,  
In every beam thy radiance yields.

O moon and stars, the work of God !  
That rule the night in silent hour,  
Give praise to Him who guides your course,  
And witness to His mighty power.

## III.

O thou my soul, sing, gaily sing,  
And in thy songs thy thanks express !  
Thou art the breath the Almighty breathed,  
O praises sing with thankfulness !  
Low in the dust before Him fall—  
The Lord of Hosts is His great name ;  
And He alone shall be adored,  
Both now and evermore the same.

## IV.

Bring hallelujahs, ye who know  
This mighty Lord and glorious King ;  
And ye who love to Jesus bear,  
Sing hallelujahs, ever sing !  
O ye who name the name of Christ,  
Your hearts surrender to His love !  
Well would it be, and ye shall sing  
A sinless song in Heaven above.



## The Linnet on the Bough.



*“Let them praise the name of the Lord, for He commanded,  
and they were created.”*

### I.

**T**HE linnet on the bough,  
That sings at early day,  
To him who leads the plough,  
To cheer his lonely way ;  
Sings in his best and sweetest lays,  
The great Creator’s glorious praise.

### II.

The brooklet on its way,  
That ripples down the hill,  
In numbers sweet, a lay  
Sings to the daffodil ;  
And every cheerful note it plays,  
Is tuned in the Creator’s praise.

## III.

The fragrant breeze that sighs,  
Where flowers the fairest blow,  
Aye whispers as it flies,  
The greatest name I know,  
And tells, as 'mong the flowers it plays,  
The great Creator's glorious praise.





## God who Leads us every Day.



*“O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, because His  
mercy endureth for ever.”*

### I.

**G**OD who leads us every day,  
In the path our feet are treading,  
And around our onward way,  
Love and joy and peace art shedding—  
We will sing with heart and voice,  
While our souls with joy rejoice.

### II.

God who loved us in our sin,  
And beheld us blindly straying,  
Sent Thy Son to call us in,  
All the love of God displaying—  
We will praise Thy mercy great,  
Who beheld our lost estate.

## III.

Jesus, 'twas Thy love that brought  
Freedom for the bound and sighing ;  
Jesus, 'twas Thy love that bought  
Mercy for the weak and dying.  
May our songs in gladness flow,  
As we journey on below.





All that I am.



*“Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.”*

I.

**A**LL that I am—  
A worthless child of sin,  
Born of the world,  
All hard of heart within ;  
Pleading the merits of Thy grace,  
O God of love, I seek Thy face.

II.

All that I own—  
My sin, my stony heart,  
These will I bring,  
O bid me not depart ;  
See God my Shield, Thine arm extend,  
And prove Thyself the sinner's friend.

## III.

All I would be—  
Of Spirit born again,  
Heir of my God,  
Joint heir with Christ to reign,  
O make me, and let others see,  
Wonders of mercy wrought in me.

## IV.

All I would have—  
The Spirit's heavenly power,  
To aid my soul,  
When comes temptation's hour,  
I seek, and have no plea but one,  
The promise of Thy risen Son.







## When the Dawn with Gentle Ray.



*“God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.”*

### I.

WHEN the dawn with gentle ray  
Smiles upon the op'ning day,  
And the flow'ret to the sky  
Opens full its glistening eye,—  
To the God who wakes the morn,  
Let my hearty praise be borne.

### II.

God of love! though God of light,  
Dark Thy ways as darkest night;  
But in the darkest hour I'll gaze  
For the dawn's expected rays,  
And to God who wakes the morn,  
Will my hearty praise be borne.

## III.

When the evening gilds the west,  
Luring nature into rest,  
And my heart in whispers speaks  
Of the rest my spirit seeks,  
Christ, to Thee in grateful lays,  
Will I lift my heart-born praise.



Childhood.

“Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected  
praise.”—MATTHEW xxi. 16.



## ○ Happy Day for Sinners.



*“Unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour.”*

### I.

○ HAPPY day for sinners  
When Jesus came to earth,  
And angel band celestial  
Proclaimed His wondrous birth.

### II.

No earthly pomp attended  
Messiah where He lay;—  
Man knew not that Immanuel  
Had come to earth that day.

### III.

But angels sang hosanna,  
And peace to men proclaimed;  
For He who lay in Bethlehem,  
The Prince of Peace was named.

## IV.

O humble babe, and holy,  
Pure as the angel throng,  
All clad in robes of glory,  
Who sang Thy natal song,

## V.

Why for a world of sorrow,  
And life of bitter woe,  
Didst Thou exchange Thy glory,  
And stoop to earth below?

## VI.

O Jesus condescending!  
O Jesus full of grace!  
'Twas love that led Thee humbly  
To take the sinner's place.

## VII.

O love of God eternal!  
Thine only Son to send,  
To bear our sin and sorrow,  
E'en to that bitter end;

## VIII.

To bear that cross of anguish,  
To die that death of shame,—  
For this, the Lord of Glory,  
A babe 'mong sinners came.

## IX.

O happy day for sinners  
When Jesus came to earth,  
And angel band celestial  
Proclaimed His wondrous birth.





## There is no friend like Jesus.



*“There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.”*

### I.

**T**HERE is no friend like Jesus,  
So constant and so kind ;  
He heals the wounded spirit,  
And calms the troubled mind.

### II.

The hungry soul He feedeth  
With manna from His store ;  
And of His living water  
We drink to thirst no more.

### III.

When weary is our journey,  
And heavy is our load,  
This constant friend is with us,  
To cheer our toilsome road.



## IV.

When bright our path, and joyous,  
And sunshine floods the way,  
Our joy He renders tenfold  
More joyous every day.

## V.

There is no friend like Jesus,  
So constant is His love ;  
The earth has seen His kindness,  
'Twill be enjoyed above.

## VI.

Through death's dark vale He'll lead us—  
That vale He passed before ;  
With life immortal clothe us,  
To be unclothed no more.

## VII.

And in that land the fairest,  
With joys that never end,  
Our Lord shall stand supremely,  
Our true and constant friend.





## Brightest Hours of Childhood's Day.



*"The time is short."*

### I.

**B**RIGHTEST hours of childhood's day,  
O how quick they pass away!  
Morning hours give place to noon,  
And the eve comes, all too soon.

### II.

Time neglected comes not back,  
Work rejected brings to lack;  
Thoughtless hours and careless hands  
Bind the soul with grievous bands.

### III.

Every hour and every day,  
Make me ready to obey;  
If some task my hands employ,  
Thou shalt fill my life with joy.

## IV.

Let my every day be spent,  
Not as mine, but only lent—  
By a loving Father given,  
To prepare His child for heaven.

## V.

Brightest hours of childhood's day,  
O how quick they pass away!  
Let them treasure-laden fly  
To the great Eternity.





Hail, Joyous Morn! thy New-Born Light.



*“I laid me down and slept; I awaked, for the Lord sustained me.”*

I.

**H**AIL, joyous morn! thy new-born light,  
In sunny beams makes nature bright:  
May new-born love my soul possess,  
That I may live in holiness.

II.

Fair, beauteous morn! a gift from heaven:  
A gift from God most freely given:  
Lord, may my gifts this day to Thee,  
Be all as beauteous and free!

III.

And may Thy love like beauteous morn,  
My life, my work, my word adorn;

And may the noontide find me still  
Meek and submissive to Thy will.

## IV.

That when the eve in silence falls,  
And quiet night to slumber calls,  
I may in peace my eyelids close,  
And still with Thee, find sweet repose.

## V.

O may my life be one glad day,  
From morn to night unclouded aye ;  
And when at eve from toil set free,  
Lord, let me rest for aye with Thee.





I am Weary, let me Rest.



*“ Müde bin ich, geh' zur Ruh  
Schliesse meine Aeuglein zu.”*

I.

I AM weary, let me rest,  
Close my drooping eyes ;  
Father, keep me in Thy care,  
Till the morn arise.

II.

Of the evil I have done  
Let no trace remain ;  
By Thy grace and Jesu's blood,  
Cleanse each filthy stain.

III.

All who are akin to me,  
All the friends I love,—

Father, lead them by Thy hand,  
To the rest above.

## IV.

To the troubled heart send rest,  
Close the weeping eye ;  
Let us all till morning light  
In Thy bosom lie.





## Jesus, who for Sinful Man.



*“Thou hast led captivity captive; Thou hast received gifts  
for men.”*

### I.

JESUS, who for sinful man  
Laid Thy robes of glory by,  
Bare the cross and thorny crown,  
Gave Thyself for sin to die:  
To Thy name be lasting praise,  
For Thy love endures always.

### II.

Jesus, who triumphant rose  
Victor over death and grave;  
Bearing gifts for sinful man,  
Strong his fallen race to save:  
To Thy name be lasting praise,  
For Thy love endures always.



## III.

Jesus, who at God's right hand,  
God incarnate, pleading stands ;  
Thou, the Sacrifice for sin,  
Bear'st the blood in Thine own hands :  
To Thy name be lasting praise,  
For Thy love endures always.





### 3 Come from Heaven above.



*“Vom Himmel hoch da komm’ ich her,  
Ich bring’ euch gute neue Mähr.”*

#### I.

**I** COME from heaven above,  
And bear good tidings new ;  
By word and song I’ll tell  
Their varied worth to you.

#### II.

To-day of virgin womb  
A tender babe has birth ;  
The little child shall be  
A joy to all on earth.

#### III.

He is the Lord our God,  
With gifts His hands are full ;  
He’ll save our souls from sin,  
And wash them white as wool.

## IV.

To all, the blessing God  
The Father hath prepared  
He brings, that heaven by us  
Together may be shared.

## V.

Now mark the signs aright,  
The crib, the swaddling-bands ;  
Here lies the babe who holds  
Creation in His hands.

## VI.

O let us all rejoice  
To see what God hath done !  
And with the shepherds go,  
And worship with God's Son.

## VII.

O welcome, gentle guest !  
Thou hast not scorned our race ;  
How shall I thank Thy love  
And condescending grace ?

## VIII.

Praise be to God on high,  
Whose Son is with us here ;  
Thus joy the angel-band,  
And sing a glad new-year.



The Rest of God.

“If it were no more than once to see the face of the Prince of this good land, and to be feasted for eternity with the fatness, sweetness, dainties of the rays and beams of matchless glory, and incomparable fountain love, it were a well-spent journey to creep hands and feet through seven deaths and seven hells to enjoy Him up at the wellhead.”

—SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.



## I had a Glimpse of the Rest of God.



*“There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.”*

### I.

I HAD a glimpse of the Rest of God,  
In a dream of yesternight,  
And the vision dwells in my memory still  
As it broke on my wondering sight;  
’Twas a vision grand  
Of the heavenly land,  
In a dream of yesternight.

### II.

O fair is the land where the weary rest,  
For the light ne’er fades away;  
’Tis brighter far than the light of the sun  
In the brightest summer day;  
For there is no night  
In that land of light,  
Where the light ne’er fades away.

## III.

O I was worn with the toil of earth,  
And my spirit sighed relief ;  
For there is no toil in the Rest of God,  
And there are no tears, nor grief ;  
No cross to bear,  
No load of care,  
And my spirit sighed relief.

## IV.

And the flowers are gay in the Rest of God,  
And their bloom can ne'er decay,  
For there is no death in the Rest of God  
To snatch those flowers away ;  
Their bloom is bright  
In the fadeless light,  
And those flowers can ne'er decay.

## V.

There is no death in the Rest of God,  
No hour of dark despair ;  
No blight to fall on a cherished hope,  
No loss to the dweller there ;  
There is no gloom  
Of the dismal tomb,  
And no hour of dark despair.



## VI.

Then my spirit grieved in that Rest of God,  
For I thought of our world of woe,  
Of the pain and death that mar our life,  
In our dwelling-place below ;  
Of the tears we shed  
For the sick and dead,  
And the thought of our world of woe.

## VII.

“ O shining one in that spotless robe !  
Come, speak of this heavenly land,  
With its fadeless light more bright than noon,  
And its pure and holy band ;  
Of its flowers so gay,  
That ne'er decay—  
Come, speak of this heavenly land.”

## VIII.

And he tuned his harp of the purest gold,  
And sang of the Rest of God,  
Of the love of Christ for our loveless race,  
And the joys of that blest abode ;  
Of the plan He laid,  
And the price He paid,  
To win them the Rest of God.

## IX.

“ No sin can enter the Rest of God,  
Where the pure in heart abide,  
Or the light would fade from the heavenly scene,  
As the light at an eventide ;  
And the flowers would die,  
And the heart would sigh,  
Where the pure in heart abide.”

## X.

“ There is a stream in this heavenly land,  
And it flows both deep and broad,  
And its ripples glance in the light of day,  
As they whisper the love of God ;  
'Tis a stream of love,  
From the throne above,  
And it flows both deep and broad.”

## XI.

“ O burdened one from a world of care !  
There's a heart in this blest abode,  
And it bled in love for your world of woe,  
And it pleads with the sinner's God ;  
It won on the cross,  
Man's greatest loss,  
That heart in this blest abode.

## XII.

“ O Christ is the light of this blessèd place,  
And the Life, and the Peace, and the Rest ;  
His welcome ‘ come ’ is a word of joy  
To the weary and oppressed ;  
And come you may,  
From the world’s decay,  
To this Life, and Peace, and Rest.”

## XIII.

“ O shining one in that spotless robe !  
How gained you this blest abode ?  
Didst thou know the world with its sin and death,  
And its rough and toilsome road ?  
From that world distressed  
To this land of rest,  
How gained you this blest abode ? ”

## XIV.

“ The path that leads to the Rest of God  
Is a rough and stony way ;  
When I trod that path from the world below,  
By a mountain-side it lay.  
It once was trod  
By the Son of God ;  
’Tis a rough and stony way.”

## XV.

“’Tis hard to tread on that uphill path,  
For self is slain by the way,  
And the will is bent as we upward go,  
For we fain would go astray ;  
And the cross is sore,  
Which the Saviour bore,  
And self is slain by the way.”

## XVI.

“ But that path leads up to the Rest of God,  
O weary and footsore one !  
’Tis worth the toil and pain of the road,  
To rest when the toil is done ;  
To enter rest,  
By toil oppressed,  
O weary and footsore one ! ”

## XVII.

O vision bright of the Rest of God,  
In my dream of yesternight !  
Still dwell in my heart as I journey on,  
To that land of fadeless light,—  
That vision grand,  
Of the heavenly land,  
In my dream of yesternight !

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